LUNATICK.

A

Comedy.

DEDICATED

TO THE

THE RULING B--S

AT THE

New-Houſe

IN

LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

LONDON:

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THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY. TO THE *Three RULING B---S* OF THE New-Houſe IN LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

Moſt Arbitrary and Moſt Hermophrodite Conjunction,

SINCE it has beeen brought into a Cuſtom to offer the Products of the Brain to thoſe who generally have the leaſt Pretence to it, by that Rule the following Play has a peculiar Right to appear under ſo Illuſtrious a Protection as Yours, whoſe Senſe and Honeſty are not leſs Conſpicuous than Your High Birth, and Education. The Firſt, the many Glorious Farces, Ridiculous Tragedies, the Lumber of the Stalls, which by a joint-conſent You have Cook'd up, and Palm'd upon the World, teſtifie beyond a Conteſt the Sound, the Eminent Juſtice You have done all thoſe Ri-

diculous

diculous Coxcombs who engag'd themſelves in Your Cauſe againſt them, who Paid them Honeſtly, and Rul'd them eaſily, will abundantly make out, and the other two will be extreamly Viſible to thoſe who know any thing of Scotland-Yard Stall, *Old Gowns, and the Waſh-bowl. Having thus done more for You than moſt Writers can do for their Patrons, I have ſome Confidence that the World will not accuſe me of Ambition, and Mercenary Deſign in Dedicating to thoſe by whom no Part of Mankind yet got Twopence: Heroes and Beauties are generally too full of themſelves, to beſtow their Favours without a valuable Conſideration. And* Jago's *Precept to* Roderigo *has reach'd all the Candidates of their Favour,* (Put Money in thy Purſe,) *being ſure of a Repulſe where the Fee is only in Promiſe, and more than Lawyers are averſe to a Cauſe in* Forma Pauperis. *The old Thread-bare Whim of Merit and Senſe are laudibly laid aſide by You, and You, like the other Giants of Mankind, think*

What is the Worth of any thing,
But as much Money as 'twill bring

And in that, perhaps, You may be in the Right, if you knew what would bring You Money and what not; but ſince you go by gueſs, I know no reaſon why the following Piece was ſo long Poſt-pon'd, *while you brought on ſuch a heap of Vicious Rubbiſh, as no tolerable Judge could expect a Benefit from; but Kiſſing goes by Favour, and You, of all Governours, have been the moſt Generous to Your Darlings; You have by an exceſſive Fondneſs of them, and a peculiar happineſs of Management, turn'd your ſelves out of Doors, and ſtarv'd all Your Dependants; brought a Company, in a few Years, from the Admiration, to the Contempt of the Town; a Work beyond the Talent of moſt Men, whoſe little Capacities have made them at leaſt ſo true to their Intereſt, as to let thoſe get ſomething, by whom they got all. But You will, perhaps, accuſe me of Partiality, and giving You a*

Praiſe

Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Praiſe beyond Your Deſerts, ſince You will Plead Your bringing on half a Dozen good Plays in Ten Years. But I might ſay of that, as Diagoras *did of the Offering in the Temples, of thoſe who had eſcap'd the Tempeſts of the Sea,* That thoſe who were Drown'd had put up none; *for the Number is ſo ſmall of thoſe that had been ſav'd in Your Element, that they wou'd be loſt in the Multitudes of the Damn'd. But it is a good-natur'd Saying,* De mortuis nil niſi Bonum. *Speak well of the Dead. Your Dominion is Expir'd, Your Reign at an End, and therefore to remark on Your Follies, is an Ill-natur'd Cenſure, which Humanity condemns, eſpecially, ſince by Your ill Management You have made way for Your Subjects to come into a more Honourable Regiment, and as a Pennance for Your paſt Crimes, You become Pupils in Your Old Age; this ſhews indeed, that*

All Humane Things are ſubject to Decay,
And when Fate Summons, Mortals muſt Obey.

But have You, Illuſtrious Princes, conſider'd what You are doing? What Noble Perquiſites You give up? There will be no more Clandeſtine Sharing betwixt You without the reſt; no more private Accounts, and Double Books; no more paying Debts half a ſcore times over out of the Publick Stock, yet never paying them in reality at all. There will be no more ſinking Three Hundred and fifty Pounds at a time in the Money repaid on a famous Singer's Account, but never accounted for to the reſt of the Sharers; no more ſtopping all the Pay of the Under Actors on Subſcription-Nights, when You were allow'd forty or fifty Pound a Night for the Houſe, beſides the Benefit of the Galleries; no more ſinking the Court-Money into Your own Pockets, and letting the Sallary People and Under Sharers Starve without Pay; no more taking Benefit-Days in the beſt Seaſon of the Year, and Dunning the Quality for Guinea-Tickets to help out the Defects of all the other abovenamed Perquiſites; no fifty Shillings per *Week for ſcowring*

Old

Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Old Lace, nor burning it, and ſelling the Product for private Advantage; no Twenty Shillings a Day Houſe-Rent; no ſharing Profits with the Poetaſters; nor Eating and Drinking out the other half before the Performance; no ſaving Coals at Home, by Working, Eating and Drinking, &c. by the Stock-Fire; nor, in ſhort, any Advantage to be made but by ſtated Sallaries, or the beſt Improvement of Natural Gifts, as far as Age, Uglineſs and Gout will permit.

If You have taken a View of this Melancholy Proſpect, ponder it well before You conclude, and remember, that the Pleaſure of Inſulting Poets (whom You are not worthy to Converſe with) and of Judging of Plays, which You do not underſtand, are Prerogatives which few of Your Station wou'd ſo eaſily quit. Being confident the good Advice I have given You, will heartily engage You in my Intereſt, I commit my ſelf and my Play, with a wonderful Satisfaction, to Your Patronage, and abundantly pleaſe my ſelf with ſubſcribing my ſelf

Your moſt Humble,

and Devoted Servant,

Franck Telltroth.

Dramatis

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Littlegood	Father to *Valeria* and *Emilia*.
Shortsight	Uncle to the two *Manlys*.
Manly Senior	In Love with *Valeria*.
Manly Junior	In Love with *Emilia*.
Trusty	A Friend to the two *Manlys*.
Quickwit	Servant to *Littlegood*.
Jeremy	Servant to *Manly Senior*.

WOMEN.

Valeria *Emilia*	} Daughters to *Littlegood*.

THE LUNATICK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Manly *Junior*, *and* Truſty.

Manly. TRouble me no more with your Impertinence; can't I have free Liberty to ſpend my Eſtate like a Gentleman?

Truſty. Yes. you may, but a Bubble is but an ill Reſemblance of a Gentleman.

Man. Come, you're an Aſs, a very dull, heavy Fellow —— muſt I be teiz'd with your Phlegmatick Morals,—— no —— I'll ſet all on Fire, and not outlive the Blaze of my Fortune, rather than like a Miſer rack my ſelf with Penury for the ſake of my Heir's Profuſion. For my part, I'll be my own Executor.

Truſt. You may live handſomly, Sir, without leſſening your Fortune; the Land your Father left you is more than a Thouſand Pound a Year.

Land! Why you Blockhead I was Born to none, 'twas merely thruſt upon me, and now I can't be at quiet for't. —'Tis like a Wife, that for one Benefit brings a Thouſand Inconveniences. I can't walk the Streets in Peace, — Your Rich Citts ſtop me, and offer me their wanton Daughters, Your Uſurers Importune me to borrow Money; your Sharpers make their Court to me, in hopes to put the Doctor upon me, and your Lawyers to free my Eſtate from Incumbrances, give me more trouble than my Eſtate's worth.

Traſt. Your being taken Notice of, ſhews how much the World reſpects you, did you but apprehend the good they deſign you.

Man. I'll Sell all— 'Twere a Sin to keep it,— When did you know an Elder Brother unjuſtly Diſ-inherited — and the Eſtate thrive in the Hands of the Younger.

Truſt. Then, Phyſician-like, the Diſtemper being known, you may effect the Cure with leſs Trouble.

Man. Why ſhould I depend upon Caſualties, truſt Scriv'ners with my Money, or Bankers that ſtretch their Credit as far as they can, and then Break to get an Eſtate by compounding their Debts.

Truſt. You may ſcorn my Advice— but when 'tis too late.—

Man. I tell thee— I'll keep neither Land nor Houſes,— I'll convert all to Money,— that will give me Pleaſure in abundance, and a Life at large is what ſuits beſt with my Airy Temper.

Trnſt. But when all's gone, where's your Gentility? — for Honour now-a-days never ſurvives the Eſtate.

Man. Prithee good honeſt old patch'd piece of Experience go Home, and wear thy ſelf out in Contemplation, and teize not me with your muſty Maxims of Frugality, — they'll do no more good with me than true Love with a Coquet.

Trnſt. VVell Sir, I wou'd willingly attend upon you in the way of Honour and Reputation.— I ſerv'd your Father long, and for his ſake wou'd be willing to ſerve you.—

Man. No, no, go about your Buſineſs, and tho' Men of my Character do ſeldom part with any thing for good Uſes (for Money'd Men have but little Charity) yet for this once I'll treſpaſs againſt Cuſtom.— Here's ſomething to ſupply your Neceſſities, — I wiſh 'twere more. —

[*Exit* Manly *Junior.*

Truſt.

Truſt. I ſee yet in his good Nature and Generoſity a Reluctancy to ill Courſes: He has not quite ſhaken off all Humanity--- there are hopes to reclaim him. —— If not, when all's conſum'd, the Return of this Money will be grateful.

[*Exit* Truſty.

Scene Changes to the Royal-Exchange.

Enter Manly *Senior, and* Jeremy.

Man. Sen. I think it is now about Two, *Jeremy*, the time for Stock-Jobbers and Brokers to meet here on the *Royal-Exchange*; among this promiſcuous Crowd I ſhall find my Uncle *Shortſight*, and *Valeria*'s Father, to whom I am contracted, they certainly will have more Honour than to diſrepect me—— notwithſtanding my being out at Elbows,—— as for my Brother-- I hear all he is Maſter of cannot ſupply his Extravagancies, therefore little is to be expected from him.

Jer. I dare lay my Life, Sir, they'll uſe you but ſcurvily,--- offer you a ſmall mattter by the way of Charity, and forbid you ever troubling them any more. It's ſtrange all your Credit with your Taylor won't afford you a new Suit.

Man. Credit me! No, they'll ſooner Truſt a broken Citizen than a disbanded Soldier. After I was Diſ-inherited, as my laſt Refuge, I laid all my Hopes on the Wars, but failing there, I am return'd as you ſee.

Jer. Will you pleaſe to Caſhier me, Captain, or I muſt follow your Fortunes.

Man. You ſhan't leave me —— my deſign is to try all my Friends and Acquaintance, and ſee how they'll greet me in my Poverty.

Enter Shortſight *and* Littlegood.

But here comes my Uncle, with Mr. *Littlegood* my Father-in-Law that is to be. Sir, your Buſineſs being over, it is a fit time to let you know I am a Kinſman of yours.

Short. I have ſeen that Face. [*Draws out a Glaſs.*

Man. This is the ſame Face you was once acquainted with Sir, tho' not the ſame Habit; my Name is *Manly.*

Short. Manly!

Man. Nay good Uncle —— be not ſurpriz'd —— for I know you are as much afraid of a torn Suit as a Younger Brother of a Serjeant, or an Agent of ſtating his Accounts.

Short. Oh —— I remember you now Couſin, you was undutiful to your Father, and have ſpent what he thought fit to give you, and went a Soldiering; had I done ſo, I ſhou'd never have made this Figure on the *Exchange.*

Man. But I have purchas'd that which all your Wealth can't buy.

Short. Pray what is it, good Couſin?

Man. Honour.

Short. Feed upon your purchaſe, I'll keep my Money, do you keep your Honour. [Exit *Short ſight.*

Man. The Wealth of *Midas* choak thee, and may the Bread thou eat'ſt turn to Gold. You hear Sir how I Pray for my Kindred —— I have more Reſpect for my Friends. —— Sir, I ſuppoſe you know my Buſineſs.

Little. I am in haſte at preſent.

Man. You muſt ſtay.

Little. Not now, —— there are ſeveral Merchants waiting for me at *Jonathan*'s Coffee-houſe.

Man. Here's no moving this way before you hear me, —— Your Daughter *Valeria* ---- I hope is well.

Little. What then?

Man. Before I had the King's Commiſſion to go for *Flanders*, by your Conſent, nay at your Requeſt, our Hearts were join'd by Contract under Hand and Seal.

Little. Verily --- It's quite out of my Remembrance, —— but what Settlement can you make to deſerve five Thouſand Pounds provided it were ſo?

Man. I was in hopes, my Father having ſettled his Eſtate upon my Younger Brother, to raiſe my Fortune by the Wars, but inſtead of Wealth I purchas'd VVounds. —— Honour I gain'd, and the Reputation of being Brave, —— theſe of themſelves are naked Titles you'll ſay —— tho' to our Wounds you owe you Safety, —— Your Liberty, —— your Money, —— yes Sir, your Idol Money. ——

Little.

Little. Let me paſs, Sir, and then tell your Tale to whom you pleaſe.

Man. My Tale I'll tell to you, Sir, —— for you I ſpent all I had on my Soldiers——to ſecure you Thirty *per cent.*——and thus, while for you I Fought, you ſee what the War has reduc'd me to,—— and now my only Refuge is *Valeria.*

Little. Is the Fellow Mad.—— No, no Sir, I know no Contract.

Man. I have it to ſhew.

Little. No matter for that, —— do you think I have been Thrifty all my Life-time to beſtow my Money upon a Beggar! a disbanded Officer! Gad you are a very Impudent Fellow—— Honour and Wounds with a Pox to you! Is that a Proviſion for a Citizen's Daughter?—— Pray Sir, come not near my Houſe as you would eſcape more Wounds.---- Honour and Wounds, quoth a! [*Exit* Littlegood.

Man. The World is all alike! 'Tis Wealth creates Reſpect,--- No one eſteems a Man for his Virtue——but what he is worth;--- the next I try is *Valeria*,--- if ſhe rejects me—— I'm reſolv'd never to truſt Man,—— hate Woman,—— and like *Democritus*, ſpend the remainder of my Life in ridiculing and deſpiſing the Follies of Human-kind.

[*Exeunt* Manly *Senior*, *and* Jeremy.

SCENE Changes to Shortſight's *Houſe.*

Enter Shortſight *amd* Truſty.

Short. Then he is paſt all hope?

Truſt. He has no ſenſe of his Miſery, a ſtrong Stupidity has poſſeſs'd him; the Diſeaſe is Infectious,--- it has got hold of his Eſtate, and brought it into a Conſumption.

Short. Will nothing reclaim him?

Truſt. I know no Means, all Remedies are hurtful; give him good Counſel and you Poiſon him; he grows the worſe out of pure Contradiction.

Short. I wiſh my Brother had been better adviſ'd than to give his Eſtate to ſuch a Prodigal.

Truſt.

Truſt. Indeed the right Heir ſhould have had it, you wou'd do well to turn your Compaſſion upon him —— a poor Injur'd Gentleman, he is next of your Blood.

Short. I'll Marry and get Heirs of my own; he has been Extravagant, and deſtroy'd that little his Father gave him. I have already made an Offer to Mr. *Littlegood* about one of his Daughters, and we are partly agreed, and now I am going to ask her Conſent. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Littlegood *and* Quickwit.

Little. Quickwit ! where are you ?

Quick. Here Sir.

Little. You know that I'm reſolv'd to Marry my Daughter *Emilia* to my Neighbour *Shortſight.*

Quick. Yes Sir, and then ſhe and I ſhall be in the ſame Condition.

Little. How ſo, *Quickwit ?*

Quick. Why Sir, by what I can perceive, ſhe's like to have but a cold Reverſion, and that's the uſual Allowance for Men of my Function: There is not ſo much left in him as will ſerve for one Meal, he is pick'd to the very Bones with Age and Diſeaſes.

Little. 'Tis no matter for that, ſo his Purſe be well fill'd.

Quick. That which ſhe looks for will be empty enough, I warrant it.

Little. Give over your Impertinence, Sirrah, and call her hither. What an Age do we live in ? [*Exit* Quickwit. A Man can't provide good ſubſtantial Husbands for his Daughters, but they are refus'd by reaſon of their being in Love with ſome Finical Coxcomb or other not worth a Groat, and if they have once got the Toy in their Head, Obedience is thrown aſide, Fortune ne'er minded, Money, the only convenience of Life, made a Jeſt of, and a Company of ſtrange Romantick Devils conjur'd up to juſtifie their Folly, —— Conſtancy, Truth in Love, Mutual Vows, Falſhood, Perjury, and ſo forth —— enough to turn a Man's Head to think of 'em.

Re-enter

Re-enter Quickwit *with* Emilia.

Little. I ſent for you, *Emilia*, to acquaint you, that to Morrow you muſt Marry Mr. *Shortſight.*

Emil. Your Power, Sir, may command my Duty, but not my Affection.

Little. I would not willingly uſe the Authority of a Father, but to Morrow I reſolve to be happy in a Son-in-Law.

Emil. I intreat you, Sir, conſider the Inconveniences that attend on forc'd Matches.--- If you compel me to Marry him, you can't force me to Love him.

Little. What! not when I Command?

Emil. I ſhall never endure him.

Quick. And you know, Sir, what follows when a Woman does not love her Husband, ſhe will either Poyſon or Cuckold him.

Little. She muſt reſolve to like him, I have undertook it.

Quick. Why then I'll undertake for t'other.

Little. Will you renounce my Protection, —— ſhall not I diſpoſe of you?

Emil. I'm all Submiſſion, Sir, and my Duty teaches me to take a Pride in obeying you in every thing.

Little. Well ſaid, my Girl ——I'll ſtep for Mr. *Shortſight*, ---ſtay here till I return. [*Exit* Littlegood.

Emil. How cruel is the Avarice of Parents, that confine their Children's Inclinations to their ſordid Paſſions.

Quick. Well, Madam, you don't apprehend the Advantages you may have by Marrying an Old Man.

Emil. Prithee what Advantage?

Quick. Firſt, beſides the Honour he ſhall confer upon you by his Age, you ſha'not find him ſo fiery and unruly as commonly your Youths are.

Emil. Your Mirth's unſeaſonable.

Quick. But your greateſt Comfort is, —— You have but one thing to fear him for, and that's his Tongue, for Old Men are commonly great Talkers, but you'll take care to match that Member well enough.——

Enter

Enter Shortſight *and* Littlegood.

Look here he comes,—— Fogh—— how he has Perfum'd that filthy Carcaſe,—— but ſavory Sauce will never make Stinking Meat go down.

Little. Now I have brought you together, I'll leave you. When Lovers parly, Parents are not fit Auditors. See that you uſe the Gentleman reſpectfully. [*To Emilia.*] And tho' Sir, ſhe ſeems Coy, impute it not to any diſlike of your Perſon, but her Modeſty. [*To Shortſight.*]

[*Exit* Littlegood.

Quick. I am afraid ſhe'll give him but a a ſcurvy Reception, therefore I'll ſteal off to prevent his producing me as an Evidence againſt her. [*Exit* Quickwit.

Emil. Now we are by our ſelves, I'll tell you, Sir, what I think of you.

Short. What do you think of me, you pretty little bewitching Baggage you.

Emil. In ſhort, you are an old Doting Fool —— one that Twenty Years ſince drank the Lethe of Humanity, and art better qualified for thy Grave than Matrimony.——Nor art thou fit to play any Part relating to the Husband, but the Cuckold.

Short. Why how now! Is this the Purpoſe your Father left you for? —— Theſe Affronts are not to be endur'd,---- her Abuſes are Monſtrous.——What a Prodigy ſhe wou'd make of me.

Emil. And yet you wou'd be in Love! What pointed Arrow of *Cupid* cou'd pierce a Skin ſo fortified by Time, a Heart ſo barricado'd with Age and Avarice. Come, come, Young Man, think again, and you'll find you have more need of a Cordial to Comfort you, than a Wife.

Short. Oh that your Father heard you, Miſtreſs!

Emil. If I Marry you, --- I'll uſe you as I think fit --- I'll have no Mercy on thy Age. —— I tell you before-hand, that you may not be ſurpriz'd when it happens.

Short.

Short. Very well, Madam.

Emil. Obſerve what I ſay to you, Cripple.

[*Kicks his Stick away.*

Short. Sure 'tis ſome Fury, —— ſhe can't be a Woman. ——

Emil. Mind me Colts-tooth, and hear me if you can; for 'tis very probable your Ears may have loſt their Faculty of hearing long ago. When I'm your Wife, if you're ſo hardy as to venture on me, —— it ſhall be your whole ſtudy to pleaſe me: I'll live thy abſolute Empreſs —— I'll lie a-bed as long as I pleaſe, do what I pleaſe, —— nor ſhall you dare to anger me. ——

Short. Not dare to anger you?

Emil. No. —— If you do —— I'll abroad to better Company, —— or if at home, Noiſe and Diſquiet ſhall be your Lott, —— and while your Age and Aches make you wiſh to Sleep, — the Muſick of my Tongue ſhall ever keep you waking.

Short. You ſhall have all Content: I love a ſprightly Girl that has Fire and Motion in her, —— ſhe'll ſtir up the Embers of Love in an Old Man, and infuſe Activity.

Em. Then for your Eſtate, you ſhan't ſo much as be my Steward, I'll receive it my ſelf, and diſpoſe of it as I think convenient, —— only you ſhall have a ſmall Allowance my Dear, [*Chucks him under the Chin*] if you behave your ſelf well, to go to the Coffee-houſe, and talk Politicks with your Neighbours.

Short. Pray how muſt the reſt be diſpos'd of?

Emil. I'll ſpend it on my ſelf, —— there ſha'not be a new Faſhion but I'll have it. Nay, I'll maintain a Perſon in *Paris* to ſend me over a Baby once a Month, dreſs'd after the neweſt Mode. Your Houſe ſhall be an Exchange. —— I'll keep twenty continually at work for me, —— as Manto-makers, Painters Perfumers, Embroiderers, beſides Semſtreſſes, and Perſons for Intelligence.

Short. She'll waſte all I have in a Month; —— The Expence of an Army wou't maintain her.

Emil. Then I'll Converſe with none but Quality --- and entertain 'em with Balls, Maſquerades and Banquets. I'll have my Viſiting-Days for all the Fops and Coquets in the Town. Complain of your ill Uſage, and expoſe your Infirmities to all I come near. —— But theſe are the leaſt of your Evils. I muſt

keep my Gallant, and you muſt take it as a Favour, and reſpect him as your Friend, my Love. ——

[*Pats his Cheek.*

Short. I can endure it no longer, --- a Gallant, that word has ſtruck a damp to my Heart; --- theſe Conditions ſhall be propos'd to your Father, Madam, and ſee if he'll allow 'em to be reaſonable. —— Mantua-makers, Perfumers, Painters, Sempſtreſſes, Penſioners for Intelligence, Balls, Banquets and Maſquerades, and a Gallant.—— Very fine, Madam, indeed very fine, *&c.*

[*Exit in a Paſſion.*

Emil. Farewel Husband.—— How full is that old Head of his, of young Thoughts; —— a Sot, to fancy the Snuff of a Candle capable of giving Light. No, no, I am not Fool enough to ſuffer falſe Coin to be put upon me.

This Rule did never yet admit of Doubt,
The Oil conſum'd, the Lamp of courſe goes out.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE Littlegood's *House.*

Enter Young Manly *Drunk, meeting* Emilia.

Manly. I know not what to think of my ſelf, I'm neither very Drunk, nor very Sober, --- but I'm ſure Im very Politick. —— Your Servant, Madam.

Emil. Oh your Servant, Sir!

Man. Will you hear me talk wiſely? For, look you Child, I'm full of Oracles; I am come from *Apollo*, wou'd he had lent me his *Tripos*, his three-legg'd Stool to ſit upon, for my Leggs will hardly carry me.

Emil. Whence come you, from *Apollo?*

Man. Even ſo,—— from the Devil Tavern, ---- he ſits Preſident, and I am admitted into his Council, —— where I have learnt ſuch things.

Emil. What have you learnt?

Man. I have learnt to be a *Non-Con* to Sobriety, and to prefer a good natur'd Wench to your Father's Youngeſt Daughter, who has a Head full of a Whim call'd Virtue. —— But pray Madam, where may I find the old Skinker, I have Buſineſs with him?

Emil. My Father! ſure you might think me worth taking notice of.

Man. Ceremonies are laid aſide by me: I Kiſs none but my Punk; but in this Humour I'll Kiſs any body, nay, I'll Marry any body; I'll do thee that Favour, if thou wilt accept of my Body Politick for a Jointure.

Emil. Where I like, Sir, I ſhall ſcarce ſtand upon Conditions.

Man. Well ſaid Girl; this is a fair Invitation to Matrimony,

but your Father's a Uſurer, a very *Jew*, and if I Marry in his Tribe I ſhall Thrive, and I hate Thriving. I am come to Mortgage.

Emil. Do you want Money, Sir?

Man. Do I want Money Sir. —— Doſt thou think I would Viſit thy Father, or any of his wicked Tribe, if my Neceſſities did not oblige me to't.——Yes, I do want Money; —— Now, haſt thou Grace enough to renounce thy old Dad's Uſury and Extortion, and generouſly ſupply a Young Fellow's Occaſions, that loves you more than your Sex loves Fools or Flattery.

Emil. I have no ready Money;--- but there's a Ring will procure you a Hundred Guineas.

Man. And wilt thou truſt me with it?

Emil. I give it freely.

Man. Then I ſay, thy Father by this one Act of getting thee, has Cancell'd all his Enormities. —— This Generoſity confirms my Love, and in ſober Sadneſs, I'll enter into the Bonds of Matrimony with thee.

Emil. Oh! here has been your Uncle a Wooing.

Man. What, that old Stockfiſh, who has kept Lent theſe Seventy Years, would he have Young Fleſh now?

Emil. If he cou'd get it.

Man. He's a rank old Goat.

Emil. I have made ſuch Sport with him, and given him ſuch a terrifying Proſpect of the uſage he muſt expect if I am to be his Wife, that he is more frighten'd than if he had ſeen a Midnight Thief plund'ring his Coffers.

Man. 'Tis well done,—— the Old Pimp told me he was going to be Noos'd, —— but I'll Nooſe him him with a Vengeance, an Old Fornicator. He has liv'd till now unmarried, and would be a Cuckold in his Old Age; —— rather than his Forehead ſhould want that Ornament, I'd oblige him ſo far my ſelf. Well, I'll go Home and ſleep my ſelf Sober; and as Your Ladyſhip has equipt my Finger with a Ring, I'll return the ſame Favour to your Thumb. 'Tis impoſſible I ſhould ſtay any longer, —— the perpetual Motion of my Feet whisks me about to all Points of the Compaſs.—— So, Madam, I am Your Ladyſhip's moſt Obſequious, *Non Compos.*——

[*Reels out.*

Manet

Manet Emilia.

Emil. Well —— this Mad young Fellow ever had a ſtrange Aſcendant over me;—— He's a compound of Virtue and Vice,—but then his Virtues are more numerous than his Vices,—— at leaſt, thro' Loves falſe Optick, they appear ſo to me. —— He's gay and wild,—— ſo am I,—— Sympathy there engages me; —— He's Brave, and Bravery a Woman loves for her ſelf-defence,—— but then he's Prodigal,——Inconſtant,—— and loves his Bottle.—— Well, Matrimony may cure all theſe Evils,——and if he go aſtray when Marrried —— why then—— ſo may I,——for if our Husbands ever prove falſe to us——

Nature this Bleſſing to our Sex has giv'n,
We can, at Pleaſure, make the Ballance even.

[*Exit.*

SCENE continues.

Enter Manly *Senior*, *and* Valeria.

Man. To find you not aſham'd to own a Wretch that has nothing to recommend him but your paſt Vows, and his Love—amazes me;—— all the remains of War and Fortune I here preſent you. —— Oh my *Valeria*, had Fate been kind, and reſt me my Birthright, we had been happy.

Val. Free from baſe Pride, and mercenary Wiſhes ——you only are the aim of my Deſires.——

Man. And you of mine, —— but Poverty and Want.——

Val. They are Virtue's uſual Company.——

Man. 'Twere poor ſelf-Love, for my Delight alone, to Rob you of thoſe Benefits of Life —— —— your Beauty, Youth and Fortune elſe would meet with; —— the Park, the Play, gay Dreſs and Equipage, that draw the Eyes of all,—— theſe, with ſome young and Wealthy Heir you might Enjoy. —— Come,—for your ſake, to ſuch I will reſign you, —— to make you happy, I'll reſolve to leave.——

Val.

Val. Will leaving me create my Happineſs?—— Oh unkind *Manly*! All my Wiſhes are—— to live belov'd by you; —— 'tis in vain to think of Happineſs without you. —— But ſince my Abſence will be pleaſing to you, —— I'll teach my Heart Obedience to your Will,—— tho' it ſhould break with Grief.——

Man. No more, my Love—— Virtue that fled from hence —— long ſince offended here by Treacherous Man —— now, now again returns, —— returns in thee.—— Oh matchleſs Woman! Wealth compar'd to thee. —— laid in the Ballance with thy gen'rous Virtue, light as a Feather mounts into the Air,—— Warthleſs as viler Dirt from whence it came.——

Enter Littlegood *and* Quickwit.

Oh my *Valeria*! When I ceaſe to love thee, —— or hope, or think of any Joy but thee —— may I become the Jeſt and Scorn of Fools,—— and live and die the Scandal of my Sex.——

[*Embracing her.*

Little. How, —— What! Ha.——

Quick. Have Patience Sir.

Little. Patience Rogue! —— Out of my ſight, Sirrah. —— Who let in that Raſcal, ——a Daughter—— a VVild-Cat, —— who wou'd have thought that thy goodMother could have produc'd ſo wicked an Off-ſpring.

Quick. Good lack, good lack! how dull my old Maſter is,—— that he ſhould not be wiſe enough to know my young Miſtreſs is a By-blow. ——

[*Aſide.*

Val. My Father! What ſhall we do?

Little. Yes Minx, I thought my ſelf your Father, —— your Mother told me ſo; —— but theſe times——Well Huſſy—— you diſobedient Slut,—— can nothing but this Beggar pleaſe you; nothing but Rags and Infamy go down with you.—— Are you ready for a Knapſack? —— Can you trudge after a parcel of looſe Rogues in Red? —— Can you follow the Camp with your *Quondam* Commander, who muſt carry a Muſquet now for ſixpence a Day, Mrs. Chalk and Oatmeal.——

Man. Pray Sir, hear me.——

Little.

Little. Hear you, yes forſooth, for what? To hear your Praiſe of broken Heads, Wounds, Maim'd Limbs, and Poverty, —— Ods my Life ——did not I forbid you my Houſe —— you hungry ſpendthrift,—— I believe you come to Rob me,—— here *Quickwit*, call a Conſtable, —— he muſt have more Appetite to my Gold than my Daughter,—— haſte you Rogue, —— What are you in the Confederacy againſt me? —— Why *Tom*, *Jeffrey*, *Will*, ——come up, —— I ſhall be Murther'd here.—— Oh my Bags! —— Oh my Daughter.——

Man. Pray Mr. *Littlegood* hear me.——

Val. I conjure you to be gone,—— for in this Paſſion he'll hear no body; aſſure your ſelf that nothing ſhall make me break thoſe Vows I gave you by a Father's Authority.

Little. Huſſy—— away, ——What, do you conſpire my Ruin too——with this Tatterdemallion?

Man. Well, Sir, I'll take you in a calmer Hour.——

Little. Out of my Houſe, and take me when you pleaſe.——

[*Puſhes* Manly *out.*

I'll bind him over to his good Behaviour, and apprehend him for ſuſpicion of Robbery into the Bargain, ——and ſo let him Rot for want of Money to pay his Fees, —— thou ungracious Gill-flirt.—— Get you in Huſſy,—— I'll ſpoil your Catterwawling.—— I proteſt I have put my ſelf into a Sweat with Vexation.

[*Pulls out his Handkercheif to wipe his Face, and lets fall his Pocket-book, then drives* Valeria *before him.*

Manet Quickwit.

Quick. Ha, he has dropt his Pocket-book; —— Now have I an Itch to enquire his Affairs,—— I muſt do't, my Curioſity prompts me, and I muſt ſatisfie it, tho' I venture the Strapado.—— Let me ſee,—— Lent to Mr. *Prodigo* the Sum of two Thouſand Pounds at fifteen *per Cent.* —— Oh Conſcience! Conſcience! How great a Stranger art thou to my precious Maſter! *Memorandum*, that Young *Manly* owes me four Thouſand Pounds, and that his Lands are in Pawn for it. —— Very fine, in Huckſters Hands I' faith. —— *Memorandum*, that I owe—— that he owes,—— 'tis well the old Slave has ſome

care

care of his Credit,——— but to who owes he trow? ——— That I owe *Quickwit* ——— what me? —— I never Lent him any thing,——— however, there's ſomething coming to me more than I look'd for. ——— But let me ſee,——— what is't he owes me? *Memorandum*, that I owe *Quickwit* —— half a dozen luſty Baſtinadoes croſs the Shoulders for not ſetting my Urinal, and Tinder-box by my Bedſide. ——— Faith Maſter of mine——— I'll make bold to eaſe you of that Payment.———

[*Tears the Leaf out.*

Ha, ——— I hear his Voice,——— ten to one but he's for diſcharging the Debt now,——— but I ſhall make bold to beg his Pardon.——

[*Exit.*

Enter Littlegood.

Little. What is become of my Pocket-book——— *Quickwit*——— Rogue,——— *Quickwit*,——— this vile Raſcal is ever at my Heels when I have no occaſion for him, —— and never near me when I want him.——— *Quickwit*,——— Sirrah,——— *Quickwit*——— Where are you?

Enter Quickwit *haſtily.*

Quick. here,——— here here, —— here, ——— here —— here, Sir.

Little. What a Bawling do you make, Jackanapes.———

Quick. I do but anſwer you,--Sir.——

Little. You anſwer finely, Sir, I have call'd your Rogueſhip half a dozen times one after another.———

Quick. And I hope Sir, ——— I have anſwer'd your VVorſhip half a Dozen times ———one after another.——

Little. Leave your Prating, -- Raſcal, -- If you had been here ſooner, I had not ſpent ſo much Breath in vain -- I have dropt my Pocket-Book, -- Look every where, for I have loſt it ſomewhere.———

Quick. I go, —— I run, —— I fly Sir. —— Here's a Dog's Life with a Pox. —— Muſt I be always us'd thus like a VVater Spaniel.— [Exit *Quickwit.*

Little. This Girl's Indiſcretion is a heavy Grievance to me—— how unlike is ſhe to her younger ſiſter, —— *Emilia* was ever a Dutiful Child —— like her good Mother, both in Perſon and Temper,—— and doubtleſs my Neighbour *Shortſight* will have reaſon to bleſs the day of his Marriage. ——

Re-enter Quickwit.

How now, *Quickwit.* What return'd already? —— Have you found it.

Quick. Yes, Sir, I found it by the Cuſhion —— on which you ſay your Prayers; I ſuppoſe you loſt it at your Devotion, Sir.——

Little. Like enough *Quickwit*,—— but 'tis well you found it—— otherwiſe I might have forgot to pay my Creditors. —— I keep *Memorandums* of all I owe, *Quickwit*; I have ſomething conſiderable due to thee——but I'll take care not to die thy Debtor.——

Quick. Oh Sir—— if ever my Services have deſerv'd more than ordinary—— I think my ſelf ſo well rewarded in pleaſing you,—— that if you deſign me any Requital —— to ſhew that I am not Mercenary Sir—— I ſhall be very well contented to wait till Doomsday for it.——

Little. Oh Sir—— that's your Modeſty;——however, *Quickwit*,— if the Morning prove cold—— expect ſomething to revive you, and fortifie you againſt the Weather,—— therefore let me warn you not to bolt your Door on the Inſide, otherwiſe you may ſpoil my good Intentions, and be Loſer.

[*Exit* Littlegood.

Quick. A Loſer, quotha! of what? of dry Blows with a Crabtree Cudgel?—— Every cold Morning my Poſteriours ſave him the charge of a Fire; —— would he were as prodigal of his Money as he is of his Stripes—— then a Man might be encourag'd to bear with him, —— but I'm ſo bewitch'd to my young Miſtreſſes, that theſe Inconveniences ſhall never make me quit their Service.—— [*Exit* Quickwit.

Enter Manly *and* Truſty.

Man. I do not envy my Brother the Poſſeſſion of my Father's Eſtate,—— 'twas of his own getting, therefore 'twas

but Juſt he ſhou'd have the Diſpoſal of it, —— but his Generoſity to me in my Neceſſity ſurprizes me. —— I have been conſulting with him, and like a deſperate Gameſter, am reſolv'd to venture all my ſtock at one Caſt.

Truſt. Your Plot will be but a weak Argument of your Policy —— if you venture all to ſo tickliſh a Point as Chance.

Man. I'm reſolv'd to ſend you with a Letter to *Valeria*, that ſhall make her Mad.

Truſt. How, make her Mad! ——What do you expect from that? ——

Man. I ſhall obtain my Ends.

Truſt. Can you accuſe her of Inconſtancy, or tax her with Diſhonour; or have you a Mind to leave her?

Man. Not any of theſe.

Truſt. If you have, you muſt employ ſome other Meſſenger. Let me adviſe you to keep her in her right Senſes, Love of it ſelf is a kind of Madneſs, and will diſtract her without any other addition, if Matters continue in this Poſture.

Man. No--no,-- She ſhall only ſeem ſo, *Truſty*,—— not be ſo;—— her ſeeming Madneſs may be as ſerviceable to me, as ſeeming Honeſty to a Knave, or Religion to an Hypocrite.

Truſt. Is this all your Plot.

Man. No, this is not the main Deſign, there's another of greater Conſequence depends upon it,—— you muſt aſſiſt me, or I'm undone.

Truſt. You never knew a Man of leſs Experience in the Affairs of Love.

Man. No matter, come along with me, and I'll Inſtruct thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE Changes to Littlegood's *Houſe.*

Enter Shortſight, Littlegood, Emilia *and* Quickwit.

Short. It's a hard caſe that I muſt not be believ'd,—— Why I tell you, Father *Littlegood*,—— ſhe had no more regard to me--- than if I had been her Husband already.

Emil. *Quickwit*, remember your Inſtructions.

Quick.

Quick. I warrant you, Madam.——

Little. I ſay, Son *Shortſight*—— 'tis impoſſible.——

Short. Father *Littlegood*-- I ſay 'tis true,--She, or ſome Fury in her Shape,-- drew ſo ridiculous a Picture of me, and my Paſſion, that ſhe made me the moſt whimſical old Fool in Chriſtendom.

Little. 'Dsheart, her Modeſty wou'd not permit it.

Short. I have no Patience, --- I ſhall go Diſtracted, that's certain.---

Emil. Indeed I fear ſo too;--- for according to your Order, Sir, I receiv'd him with all the Humility and Obedience due to the Man you deſign'd for my Husband,-- but he, to my great Amazement, miſ-interpreted both my Words and Actions.—— When I held my Tongue —— he Storm'd and Swore that I Scolded at him, and abus'd him, —— and when I talk'd to him, --- he rail'd at me moſt abominably for my unmannerly Silence.—— I thought he acted by Contraries only for a little Mirth ſake, and fell a Laughing;—— he wept bitterly, and when I ask'd him the Cauſe,—— he told me, it touch'd him to the Soul to ſee me cry. You are ſenſible, Sir, I am not given to Lying, and I have more Reſpect to the Duty I owe you, than to abuſe your Ears with a Notorious Falſehood.

Short. Was ever Man thus put upon, —— What wou'd I give now to have that young Baggage in my Power, —— to have her my Wife, —— I'd lock her up in my Cellar, and let her Live and Die in the Company of Rats, Mouldy Cheeſe, and Small-beer.

[*Frets and walks about.*

Little. I profeſs, Son *Shortſight*—— you talk a little odly,—— I begin to ſuſpect there may be ſome Fracture in your *Pericranium.*

Quick. Ay, Sir, tis a plain caſe. —— My young Miſtreſs, when he firſt came in to her—— made him a low Curt'ſie,-- he ſuddenly ſtarted back, and ask'd her what ſhe meant by offering to throw her Head in his Face, —— but now I think on't, Sir, that Miſtake might be occaſion'd by the badneſs of his Eyes.

Short. This is intolerable,—— Is it not enough for your Daughter to affront me —— but that Malapert Raſcal muſt make a Jeſt of me too. —— I proteſt to you, Father *Littlegood*, —— the

Rogue went out of the Room as ſoon as I enter'd, and left me to be abus'd without a Witneſs.

Quick. Alas, Sir, his Brain's quite turn'd! His Memory's loſt! Have you forgot, Sir, that I ſtood by, and ſaw all,—— and heard all, —— and can't you remember that you made a Miſtake, and handed me out inſtead of my young Miſtreſs?—— I vow Mr. *Shortſight* —— I am—— ſo -- trou--bled for -- you --- I—— cannot--- keep-- Tears -- out of my ---Eyes. [*Weeps.*

Emil. How unfortunate am I—— to be depriv'd of ſo excellent a Husband,——Good-natur'd——Diſcreet ——Sober—— Wiſe,——and furniſh'd with all the Qualifications requir'd to make a young Woman entirely happy,—— I had liv'd to have been the Envy of my Sex —— had he 'ſcap'd this fatal Diſtraction;—— but this I am reſolv'd upon,——nor ſhall any Power on Earth alter me,——I'll Live and Die a Maid for his ſake.

[*Weeps.*

Little. I'm Confounded, and know not what to ſay to this Matter;—— a Frenzy has poſſeſs'd the Girl. —— *Quickwit*'s bewitch'd,——and my Son *Shortſight* is a downright Lunatick-- and *Bedlam* is the only Receptacle for 'em.

Short. Oh *Shortſight*, *Shortſight* —— that ever thou ſhould'ſt have a Colts-Tooth in thy Head.—— Thou Witch, —— thou *Succubus*,—— I am worſe ridden by thee, than ever I was by the Night-Mare:—— Thou art a Daughter of Darkneſs—— and the Devil do thy Father good with thee.

Emil. You hear Sir, how how extravagantly he talks,——ſpeak to him, Sir,——I cannot, Grief ties up my Tongue, —— and to look upon him while he is in this Diſtraction, is worſe than Death to me.

[*Still Weeping.*

Short. Oh Sorcereſs! Thou Off-ſpring of a *Lapland* Wizzard. —— Father *Littlegood*, —— dear Father *Littlegood*,--- diſclaim her, and turn her out of Doors; —— for her Mother Conceiv'd her while you was aſleep,—— and I do not at all doubt, but that, were ſhe my Wife —— the Children ſhe bore might claim a Conjurer for their Grandfather.

Little. How, Son *Shortſight*! —— my Daughter's Children--- claim a Conjurer for their Grandfather,—— then I was made a Cuckold by an *Incubus* for ought I know,—— very fine;--- but he's ſtark Mad, poor Man, and I can forgive him. —— If I cou'd

I cou'd find any way to help him—— I'd about it withal my Heart;—— but ſince I know not how to redreſs your Misfortune.—— I can but weep for you, Son *Shortſight*.

Emil. *Quickwit*,—— Father,—— try what you can do to bring him to himſelf. Let us all join, and endeavour to drive out this Devil that has poſſeſs'd him—— Dear Husband ſpeak to your Wife.

Little. Dear Son, look upon your Father.

Quick. Dear Maſter, ſpeak to your Slave.

[*All Weep and hold him.*

Short. Adsheartikins —— I ſhall be Mad in earneſt;—— this Impoſition is ſo groſs—— I ſhall loſe my Senſes with Vexation.——Oh my Head,——Oh my Back,——Oh my Heart;—— that theſe Grey-hairs of mine ſhould thus become the Scorn and Deriſion of a Green-ſick Girl and a Serving-man.——'Tis Inſupportable,—— my Paſſion muſt have vent——or I ſhall Choak with the Riſing of the Lights.

[*Weeps extravagantly.*

Emil. His Mad Fits abates now, Sir,—— and he begins to turn to his Underſtanding.—— Let us all uſe our Perſwaſions to get him to Bed.—— Ill truſt to no body to Nurſe him but my ſelf,—— I'll Sing him to Sleep,—— and find a Thouſand way to divert the dear Man when he 'wakes;—— for I have ſet my Heart ſo upon him, that I deſire no other Happineſs than to Live and Die with him.

Little. Good Girl! Neighbour *Shortſight*,—— be perſwaded by your Friends, and go in,—— We'll enquire out a Skillful Doctor, and apply Medicines proper for your Malady.

Short. Ay,——Ay,——E'en take me, and do what you pleaſe with me.——If I am Mad——you that made me ſo, beſt know how to Cure me.

[*Exit* Shortſight *led out by* Littlegood *and* Emilia.

Manet

Manet Quickwit.

Quick. What an Incomparable Actreſs is my young Miſtreſs. This Heathen Deity Love, ſupplies young Women with more Tricks than fifty Devils put together can do. ——— I'll to young Mr. *Manly*, and acquaint him with the Succeſs of our Plot.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE Littlegood's *House.*

Enter Quickwit *and* Truſty.

Truſt. SO far all goes well, *Quickwit.*

Qnick. Ay Sir, but we are very much oblig'd to you, Mr. *Truſty.* The good Opinion my Maſter has of your Gravity and Sincerity, has done our Buſineſs. Your Confirmation of his Delirium has prevented Suſpicion, and he does not doubt the reality of it.

Truſty. I hear him coming, —— away to your Poſt, and be ready to Enter at your Cue.

Exit Quickwit.

Enter Littlegood.

Little. Well, Friend *Truſty*, how is my Neighbour *Shortſight*? Has his Diſtemper left him, or will he be Mad to the end of the Chapter?

Truſt. Truly Sir, his Condition's ſomething deſp'rate, —— now and then he has ſome Intervals, but they do not laſt long,—he took me juſt now for the Man in the Moon, and young Mrs. *Emilia* for the Great *Mogul.*—— Poor Lady, ſhe's mightily concern'd for him, —— I wiſh ſhe were perſwaded to leave him, for who knows but the Diſeaſe may be Catching.

Little. Very true, Friend *Truſty*, very true, —— but what ſhou'd be the Cauſe of this ſudden Frenzy? —— I proteſt, when I brought him to my Daughter, I cou'd not perceive the leaſt Sign of a *Non Compos* in him.

Truſt.

Truſt. I muſt confeſs 'tis very ſtrange; —— yet when I heard of his intended Marriage to Mrs. *Emilia*, I knew not what to think of the Matter,——I ſuſpected Dotage in the Caſe, but never imagin'd it would end in Madneſs. Yet, now I recollect my ſelf, from his Behaviour ſome time paſt, that this Misfortune has been growing upon him a conſiderable while.

Little. Alas, alas! I am at a loſs, and know not what to do for him. Come *Truſty*, let us Viſit him, and conſult the beſt Means for his Cure.

Enter Quickwit *with his Head broke, and runs againſt his Maſter.*

Little. Why how now Sirrah! What's the meaning of this rudeneſs?

Quick. Oh Sir, I heartily beg your Pardon, —— yonder's my young Miſtreſs *Emilia*, playing the Devil upon two Sticks, Sir,—— What Mr. *Shortſight* has done to her, I can't tell — but I heard her ſquawl, and ran in to ſee what was the Matter—— I found her tearing him like a Wild-cat, —— but offering to interpoſe, ſhe made no more ado, but whip,—— ſlap daſh, —— broke my Head with a Candleſtick.

Enter Emilia.

But here ſhe is,—— pray pray keep her from me, Gentlemen, I had rather twice run the Gauntlet than once come into her Clutches again.

Emil. Save me. —— ſave me from the Raviſher, —— will no body Protect me —— nay then my Innocence muſt ſuffer, and I'm undone for ever. [*Weeps.*

Little. Raviſher! ——Innocence!——!Undone!—— Hoity toity--this Frenzy grows Epidemical. Whatthe Devil ail'ſt Girl, —— art bewitch'd.

Emil. Oh no—— Sir,—— but I'm in as bad a Conditiion,——I'm in danger of being Raviſh'd, Sir.——

Lit. Raviſh'd! I know no body in the Houſe capable of committing a Rape but that Raſcal *Quickwit.* —— If he has, I'll put thee out of his Fright——I'll ſpoil the Dog for a Raviſher,——

I'll

I'll inſtantly whip his—— Ears off, and make an Eunuch of him.

Truſt. Speak calmly to her, Sir, —— I am apt to believe her Senſes are diſturb'd,—— ſhe looks ſtrangely Wild.

Little. Come Child, be not apprehenſive of any Danger, but tell us what's the Matter.——

Emil. High ho——my Head turns round,——but 'tis a ſtrange thing I have to tell you, Sir, —— ſo ſtrange, that I ſhall think you Fool and Madman both if you believe me. He caught me faſt in his Arms, and down he threw me,—— he ſtorm'd like a raging Lion—— while I trembl'd like a ſuffering Lamb;—— but finding the Danger I was in, Deſpair gave me Courage —— then we fell to't Tooth and Nail, —— and Oh wonderful turn of Fortune! —— Innocence prevail'd,——the Lamb got uppermoſt, and almoſt tore the Lion's Eyes out.

Little. What do'ſt thou mean, *Emilia*,——What Lion? —— What Lamb's this? ——Here's a Story of a Cock and a Bull.

Emil. He comes, he comes! Secure me from him —— or he'll devour me, —— you may read his Bloody Purpoſe in his Looks,—— he threatens Deſtruction to Viginity, —— and ſwears, not one Maid from Sixteen to Sixty ſhall eſcape him him.

Enter Shorrſight, *his Cloaths half pull'd off, his Face all Bloody. He runs at* Emilia, *but is held by* Quickwit *and* Truſty.

Short. Let me come at her, —— I'll tear the Termagant Limb from Limb.——

Emil. Hold him—— hold him —— unleſs you wiſh to ſee me eaten up alive;—— he's more frightful than a *Ruſſian* Bear,—— he was begot upon an *Indian* Witch at *Amboyna* by a Dutch Burgo-Maſter. —— Cutting Throats, and Raviſhing, is his Daily Vocation.

Short. Thou Fury,—— let me go,—— I'll be reveng'd;—— let me draw Blood of her.

Little. Hold him faſt.

Short. Father *Littlegood*——how can you patiently let your Friend and Neighbour ſuffer theſe Indignities, —— look what a Condition I am in—— do you ſee here,—— tie her Neck and Heels, and ſet a Guard over her, —— or I'll ſwear the Peace a-

gainſt her ; there are, at leaſt, twenty Devils in her, —— ſhe talk'd Bawdy juſt now, and ſwore like a bilk'd Whore, or a broken Officer —— and threatned firſt to Murther me, and afterwards to Raviſh me.——

Little. How's this !—— Were you for Raviſhing one another.—— I think each of you has twice twenty Devils in you, for my part ;—— poor Girl —— this apprehenſion of a Rape has a ſtrange effect upon her.—— I remember, when ſhe was about twelve Years of Age, ſhe us'd to Dream of Rapes, and wake in terrible Frights,—— then no wonder her Head ſhou'd run ſo much upon Raviſhing now ſhe's half Mad, or quite Mad for ought I know.

Enter Valeria.

Valeria, look to your Siſter,—— ſhe's as Frantick as my Son *Shortſight*—— and he's ſo far from mending, that he grows worſe and worſe.——

Emil. Oh Siſter, take heed how you approach that ravenous Fellow,—— he ſwallows Virgins like whipt Cream,—— how can you bear to be near him,—— he's as terrible to me as the Thoughts of a Husband of Fourſcore to an Amorous Girl of fifteen.——

Val. Come in *Emilia*,—— try to ſettle your ſelf, and lie down to ſleep,—— I'll wait on you, and ſee that nothing neceſſary ſhall be wanting.

[*Exeunt* Emilia, *and* Valeria.

Little. Quickwit, go after 'em, bring me word by and by, whether *Emilia* is come to her ſelf or not, while I labour to Compoſe my Son *Shortſight*.——

Short. I'll never be Compos'd——I'll.——

Little. Nay, if you find ſo much ſatisfaction in being Whimſical, be Mad till Dooms-day if you pleaſe, Son *Shortſight*.

Short. Why Sir, I am Mad, and I will be Mad,—— I'm ſure I never had ſo much reaſon to be Mad. My Head broken in a dozen Places—— my Eyes ſcratch'd out, —— half ſtrangled in my Band-ſtrings—— accus'd of a Rape too —— Fleſh and Blood is not able to ſupport it,——

Trust. Nay, I confeſs Sir, that it is a little hard, —— I ſhould never have ſuſpected you for a Raviſher, above all Mankind.

Little. To be free with you, Mr. *Shortſight.*——

Short. Your Daughter, and that Raſcal, *Quickwit*, have been free with me, Sir, they have Pounded me to Mummy.

Little. I ſay, to be free with you, Son *Shortſight.*——

Short. I ſay, to be free with you, Father *Littlegood*, —— you're an Antiquated Dotard ——— a Fool of ſixty five —— your Daughter's a *Jezabel*, —— and your Folly, and her Impudence have depriv'd me of my ſenſes. —— A Bone-ſetter—— *Truſty*—— ſend for a Surgeon—— a Bone-ſetter.

Re-enter Quickwit.

Quick. A Bone-ſetter—— a Beef-eater, Sir. —— or a Mad Doctor rather.—— Mrs. *Valeria* is ten times more Frantick than her Siſter.—— I left 'em in the Kitchen—— where they are playing ſuch Gambols; they took me for Mr. *Shortſight*, —— one aſſaulted me with a three-legg'd ſtool, and had I not been very nimble, t'other had knock'd my Brains out with the Fire-ſhovel.——

Trust. 'Tis even as I fear'd —— ſir, the Diſtemper is Contagious.—— It's very likely we may all be Infected, unleſs ſome ſudden way be found out for Prevention.

Short. Let me be gone, —— I ſhall be Murthered here —— torn Piece-meal, ——— Father *Littlegood*, ſend me to *Bedlam*, or any where, ——— rather than ſuffer me to be ſcratch'd to Death by theſe two Caterwaulers.

[*Exiturus* Shortſight, *Truſty ſtops him.*

Truſty. Hold, ſir, —— We have more Care of your Reputation—— than to let you Expoſe your ſelf to the World, while the mad Fit is upon you. —— Mr. *Littlegood*, if you pleaſe,—— we'll leave *Quickwit* to Protect him from 'em —— while you and my ſelf enquire out ſomebody that is able to Preſcribe Remedies for theſe Diſaſters.

Quick. I'll take all the Care I can Sir.——

Short. You're a Rogue Sir —— Protection from him, —— my Skin will be flead off before you return. —— *Trusty*, if I muſt be kept here —— ſend home for an old Headpiece of mine, a Buff-Coat, ——and a ruſty Sword, —— by the help of thoſe I may chance to make my Party good with 'em.

Truſt. How unaccountably he talks. —— Mr. *Littlegood*, come —— let us delay no longer —— the Danger may be greater than we imagine; —— will you go, Sir?

Little. Belzebub's got looſe in my Family; —— give Orders to my Servants to look to my Daughters till I come back, and I charge you, Sirrah, keep 'em from Mr. *Shortſight*. 'Dsheart, what whimſical Circumſtances my Houſe is in, I muſt e'en run mad too, I think—— that I may be fit Company for 'em,—— we'll double-lock the outward Gate truly *Truſty*, and take the Key with us; —— I would not willingly have any of theſe frantick Fits play'd without Doors.

[*Exeunt* Littlegood *and* Truſty.

Short. Let me come by, Raſcal,—— or I'll ruſh out like a——

Quick. Like a what, Sir? —— ſtay till the Door's Lock'd, and then ruſh out like what you pleaſe. —— I'll go and acquaint my young Miſtreſſes with my Maſter's Abſence —— and then we'll lay our Heads together how to Plague Old *Shortſight*, —— we'll Cure him of his Itch of Matrimony, with a Vengeance.

[*Exit* Quickwit.

Short. What?—— Is the Rogue gone? —— For no good (I'll warrant you) If ever I come a wooing again —— Ad'shearti-likins, —— I ſhall be Treated worſe than a Gally-Slave among 'em. —— What ſhall I do to be even with 'em, —— I'm more perplex'd for want of means to be reveng'd, than I was when I firſt heard of the late Act for Inſolvent Debtors,—— Ay, I hear 'em coming —— Patience be my Comforter.——

Enter Valeria, Quickwit, *and* Emilia.

Well Rogue—— Raſcal—— you Brace of Furies, —— what Trick is to be Play'd next?—— Am I to be Baited to Death?—

'tis

'tis your ſureſt way, ——— for if I eſcape with my Skull whole, and there be Law in the Land ———

Quick. Who talks of Law——— *Piglia lo ſu*——— *Bon di Piglia lo ſu.* ———

Short. Piglia lo ſu.——— Do you Banter me, Varlet; what the Devil's that?

Quick. You're an Illiterate Coxcomb, ——— you never read *Cato*,——— you don't underſtand Manners, ——— therefore you ask Impertinent queſtions. ——— However, for your ſatisfaction, I'll reſolve you. ——— *Bon di* is Latin for a ſyringe,——— and *Piglia lo ſu* ———is Greek for a Clyſter-pipe.

[*Strikes up his Heels.*

Short. Murther, Murther. ———

Emil. Stop his Mouth, *Quickwit*, ——— How the Monſter Roars!

Val. If he be ſo good at Roaring ——he ſhall Roar in ſome Tune Siſter.—— We'll Jerk him, I' faith.

[*Whips him.*

Short. Oh, ——— Oh.

Quick. Hold—— hold—— Ladies,——— no Jerking, nor firking, I beg of you, he'll be more tickled with a Whip, eſpecially in ſuch fair Hands, than he would with a Feather.——— Half a ſcore Laſhes will win his Heart for ever,——— you can't oblige him more, ——— therefore no Whipping. I beſeech you, Ladies.

Emil. Say you ſo, ———Oh I love to be Courteous,——and make no ſcruple of obliging any body, while I ſuffer no Injury my ſelf; therefore, as a demonſtration of my Good-Nature, have at you, Old Gentleman.

Val. Come on, Siſter, and I'll ſecond you heartily, ——— let us Laſh him to the tune of Round about Cuckolds come dig, come dig, for the Honour of the City.

[*Both Whip him.*

Short. Oh I'm dead. ———

Quick. Ah—— how the Old Knave winches,——— the very Emblem of Catterwauling; ——— Exceſs of Pleaſure puts him to the ſqueak. ——— 'sdeath, my Fingers Itch to be at him,——— and I'm under an abſolute neceſſity of following ſo good an Example. [*Aſide.*] Ladies, under Favour, if my Advice may be hearkned to, let us do nothing Hand over Head, ——— according to his

his Merits let him receive Puniſhment, —— and with your Leaves, I'll lead the Way. ——

Both. Agreed, agreed.

Short. What, you unconſcionable Harpies, will nothing but Death ſatisfie you?

Quick. Oh, no Sir, only a gentle Purgation by the way of Cleanſing;—— a ſlender Pennance your ſmall Enormities may require; —— a Perſon of your Youth and Vigour asks a little Chaſtiſement, ——by way of Mortification. ——— In the firſt place, for pretending to Matrimony at Seventy and odd.

Emil. Ay, a Fault unpardonable —— to have the Conſcience to keep a Mill to himſelf, and at the ſame time —— Incapable of bringing Griſt to it.—— Lay him on luſtily.——

[*Beat him.*

Short. Oh Murderers! Oh Blood-hounds!

Quick. 'Slife, Madam, I hear my Maſter opening the outward Door,—— all things are in readineſs for the Concluſion of our Plot. —— I have convey'd the Parſon into the Pantry, and left him over a fat Fowl, and a Bottle of Wine —— retire quickly to your Chamber, and leave Mr. *Shortſight* to me.—— Come, old *Mammon*, I muſt take care of you.

[*Exeunt* Valeria *and* Emil. Quickwit *drags out* Shortſight.

Enter Truſty *and* Littlegood.

Truſty. Thanks to our Fortune, Sir, —— all will be ſet right again, —— theſe two Learned Gentlemen are of ſuch unqueſtionable Judgment in all Diſtempers —— that a third cannot be found in our *European* World to equal either of 'em. —— Sure there's ſome diſturbance that way, —— ha! here come the Doctors,—— I'll leave you to receive 'em, and ſee what Condition Mr. *Shortſight* and your Daughters are in.

Lit. Do ſo, *Truſty*.

The

The two Manlys *Enter, Disguis'd like Phyſicians.*

They ſeem debating about ſome weighty Matter, —— With what Gravity, and Sagacity they behave themſelves. —— I'll ſtep aſide, and Liſten to their Confabulation.——

[Littlegood *Retires, they come forward.*

Man. Sen. To be thought worthy of a Conſultation with ſo renown'd a Vertuoſo as the Learned *Tetrachymagogon* —— is an Honour ſo infinitely tranſcending my Merit, that with Shame and Bluſhes I ſhall ever own the Obligation.

Man. Jun. Thou *Paracelſus* of thy Age! It ever was my Ambition to Imitate the Great *Guiacamico.* —— the ſurprizing Operations both on Mind and Body, that your Profound Skill has wrought in *Italy*, *France*, *Germany*, *Muſcovy*, *Lapland*, and ſo forth,—— has ſo deeply rooted the Senſe of your unequall'd Defert in all Mankind —— but more particularly in the Soul of me, your Admirer —— that the World and your Fame will be of equal Duration.——

Man Sen. Thou *Atlas* of Phyſick —— all I have done is Trifling, to what your ſublimer Genius has effected. —— 'Twas your Prodigious Art that cou'd alone reſtore Sight to the Blind *Savoyard*, —— open the Eyes of the noble *Portugueſe*,—— Rouze the formidable *Swiſs* from his Lethargy,—— Awaken the drowſie *Spaniard*, —— and now what remains but that the mad Organiſt of *Vienna*, —— the *Purpuratus Nebulo* of *France*, —— the great Ship-Carpenter of *Muſcovy* —— the Lunatick *Bavarian*,—— the huge two-handed *Saxo-Polonian* ſhould immediately receive your wonderful, never-failing *Arcanum* —— for the recuperation of their long loſt Intellects. Theſe things accompliſhed, your Glorious Statue will be Erected in *Eternum Memoriam*, as an Indelible Ornament in all the Metropolis of *Europe*.——

Lit. Moſt Admirable——

(*Aſide.*

Man. Jun.

Man. Jun. Hold ——— thou *Apollo* of Phyſick, ——— your Fame is already Eterniz'd, ——— your Miraculous Cures of Poets, Painters, Projectors, Aſtrologers, ——— Chymiſts, Stock-jobbers and Players —— that run Mad for —— and Coxcombs that were Mad with great Eſtates, have deſervedly Proclaim'd you the ſole Maſter of our *Æſculapian* Faculty, ——— But hold ——— by his Venerable Aſpect this ſhould be the Major *Domo* of this Manſion.

Man. Sen. It is ſo, ——— Let us accoſt him with Reverence.

Lit. I muſt not be behind-hand with 'em in point of Civility.——— Gentlemen,——— my poor Tenement deſerves not the Honour of Entertaining two ſuch Worthy Perſonages. My Pride is equal to the Pleaſure I ſhall receive in the Recovery of my Daughter's from ther Lunacy, which, I am ſatisfied your never-erring Skill cannot fail of Effecting.

Man. Jun. Sir, the Viſit we receiv'd from you will be ſufficient Recompence for the Benefit our Art can produce upon this Occaſion;—— but you might have ſpar'd the unneceſſary Trouble of applying your ſelf to me, ſince you had before engag'd ſo profound a Perſon as this Worthy Gentleman who ever was infallibly Proſperous in Undertakings of this kind. ———

Man. Sen. O dear Sir, forbear —— you put me to the Bluſh —— why ſhould you beſtow that Praiſe upon unworthy me, which is ſo Juſtly due to your all-knowing ſelf.

Lit. Incomparable! who would not have his whole Family Mad —— rather than want an Opportunity of being happy in the Acquaintance of Virtuoſo's of your profound Sagacity.——

Both Manlys. Sir, you do us too much Honour, ——— we die with Shame.

Enter Truſty.

Truſty. Pray Gentlemen, give over Complementing, and recollect your beſt Skill to Remedy the preſent Diſorders. —— No Scene in *Bedlam* ever equall'd the Diſtraction of theſe poor Lunaticks. ——— Your Art, I fear, will be put to a *Ne plus ultra* in this Caſe. —— Never was ſuch Confuſion —— Dear Gentlemen, come away.

Man.

Man. Ambo. Lead ——Lead Sir, we follow you. (*Exeunt.*

Quickwit, enters and ſtops Littlegood.

Quick. Sir, ſir, Your Preſence will be more neceſſary here —— I have ſecrets to impart to you ——— ſecrets that are worth your Hearing, ——— ſecrets that will amaze you, ſir. ——— I am full of ſecrets, ſir. ——

Lit. What ſecrets, you Vagabond? ———

Quick. Why, Sir, between you and me ——— Madneſs is the general Diſeaſe now Reigning, ——— I don't know one Mortal that has 'ſcap'd Infection. ——— Ambition, Covetouſneſs, Luxury. Pride and Hypocriſie, have tainted the whole Race of Man. ——— Aſtrologers, by conſulting the Revolutions of the Planets about loſt ſilver-ſpoons, Bodkins, and Thimbles, have given their Brains the *Vertigo*. ——— Lawyers run to *Weſtminſter* as if they were Mad, ——— Clients are Madder than they to Employ 'em, ——— your old Rich Citizens run Mad after young Wives; ——— Cullies are Mad to take up ſilks on Truſt for their Miſtreſſes, —and Traders are ſtark mad to give 'em Credit.

Little. And what the Devil are you Mad for, Sir?

Quick. Oh Sir, I am Mad, that I may be like my Neighbours; but there's one thing troubles me more than all the reſt, Sir. ——

Little. And what's that Sir?

Quick. Why, all the Armies in *Europe* are out of their Wits, Sir, and there is but one way to Cure 'em. ———

Little. Pray, ſweet Sir, Honour me with the Knowledge of that Secret too. ———

Quick. Why, their Fury muſt be quitted by Paying their Arrears, ——— and promiſing a Continuation of the War.

Little. Oh Sir, you're Excellent at effecting of Cures. ——— Pray give me leave to Preſcribe a Remedy for your *Delirium*.

Quick. Dear Maſter, —— there you muſt excuſe me, ——— I would not be reſtor'd to my Senſes for the Univerſe, ——— I love Company too well to wiſh to be a Reaſonable Creature, Sir, —— for if I were Maſter of ſolid Reaſon, —— and in my ſenſes—— Sir——

Little. What then, ſir. ——

Quick. Why then, ſir, ——— I ſhould be only fit to Converſe with my ſelf, ſir.

Lit. Very fine, ſir, —— but to convince your Rogueſhip that you have not loſt all your ſenſes —— I ſhall make you find your Faculty of Feeling, ———— I'll undertake to ſet you right, Raſcal, without the help of a Doctor.

[*Beats him.*

Quick. 'Slife ſir, that was a little too hard. ———— Is this all the return you make me for my Secrets; ———— I wou'd all the News-mongers in Town were Treated at this rate —— then we ſhou'd be leſs Peſter'd with Lying Pamphlets in Coffee-Houſes.

Little. ſirrah, ſirrah, can you find no body to Banter but your Maſter?

Quick. Hold, hold ſir, —— I have been doing you ſignal ſervice, and you reward me with Stripes. ———— If I have not done an Act worthy of Applauſe, Hang me on the next Sign-Poſt. —— Ha, here comes Old *Shortſight*, ———— then the Buſineſs is ended, and 'tis time for me to Vaniſh. ——

[*Exit* Quickwit.

Enter Shortſight.

Short. Dear Friend and Neighbour, give me thy Hand, —— give me thy Hand, wiſe Mr. *Littlegood*, ———— give me thy Hand.

(*Laughs.*

Lit. Ay, and my Heart too Friend *Shortſight*, ——— I proteſt I am glad to ſee you in *Statu quo* again; ——— but where are the Learned Doctors, and my Daughters? ——

Short. The Doctors, —— and my Daughters? Give me thy Hand again —— old Put, —— I never was more heartily Pleas'd in my Life —— Ha, — ha, — ha, —— you have a very thick ſcull —— Alderman, —— a very thick ſcull.

Lit. Hey day, —— What Whim have you got in your Head now, Mr. *Shortſight*? ——

Lit.

Lit. That a Man in his ſenſes ſhou'd ask a Madman that queſtion, —— why, I'm Cur'd of the Spleen, and am now got into a Fit of Laughing; —— The Doctors have done my Buſineſs —— and are conſulting how to make you Diſtracted, —— the Operation's over by this time, —— Don't you find your Head out of order? —— Let me feel your Pulſe, Brother *Littlegood.*

Lit. You ſhall feel my Cane croſs your ſhoulders, I proteſt Son *Shortſight*, if you don't leave off Grinning.——I muſt give him a cuff on the Ear, —— he provokes me Intolerably.——

Short. Hold—— Father *Littlegood*—— I have done—— I own I am to blame, I ought rather to Pity you, than to Laugh at you—— but I cannot help Laughing for the Heart of me.

Lit. I have been acquainted theſe Fifty Years with this old Fool —— but never found him ſo much a Coxcomb before—— A Son-in-Law,——I'd rather Marry my Daughter to a *Jew*,

Short. You had better Marry her to a *Jew* than a Conjurer.—— I have freely forgiven 'em all the Tricks they have play'd me for this one Trick they have put upon him. —— Here they come,—— the two Doctors Transform'd into the two *Manlys*, and Coupled with your two Daughters.

Enter the Manlys *in their own Dreſs, with* Emilia, *and* Valeria, Quickwit *and* Truſty *following.*

Lit. How's this!—— Cheated,—— Bubbl'd —— Abus'd,—— Rogue, Slave, [*To Quickwit.*] is this your ſignal ſervice?—— your Act worthy of Applauſe; I could ſuck the Raſcal's Blood as greedily as an *Iriſhman* ſwallows Bonny-Clabber.

Quick. I did all for the beſt, Sir.

Lit. Where are your Witneſſes? —— I won't believe it.

Short. I was by,—— and was ready to leap for Joy, during the Ceremony. If my Teſtimony be not ſufficient, —— we'll call the Parſon,—— he's but in the next Room.

Lit. The Parſon is a Son of a ——

Short. Hold Brother, forbear, —— do not ſcandalize the Clergy.

Lit. Then I'll prove my Daughters Heireſſes, and have you all Hang'd.

Short. Be not Raſh, Brother *Littlegood*, —— you may ſpare your ſelf that Charge and Trouble. —— The Elder *Manly* is not worth a Groat, the Younger has Mortgag'd his Eſtate to you; —— ſtrip your Daughters, and turn them out of doors to the Raggamuffians their Husbands, and before half a Year be at an end, they'll all Hang themſelves.

Lit. I proteſt, a good Thought, —— and I'll immediately put it in Execution.

Eld. Man. Thank you, Uncle *Shortſight*, for your Charitable Advice —— but I do not doubt giving Mr. *Littlegood* ſuch ſatisfaction, if he will pleaſe to hear me —— he ſhall be ſo far from being diſguſted at the Marriage, that he ſhall Confirm it. Know then, my Poverty was only pretended, to try my Friends,—for in the Plunder of a City, I had the good Fortune to light upon ſo large a ſhare of Gold and Jewels, that I can Purchaſe double my Brother's Eſtate. And for the generous Offers he made me during my ſeeming Neceſſities —— I have reſolv'd to Redeem the Mortgage; —— Our Circumſtances then will be equal to the Portions you can beſtow upon your Daughters; and now I hope, Sir, you'll give us no reaſon to deſpair of an Accommodation.

Lit. If what you tell me be True, Matters are in a much better Poſture than I thought they were. ——

Man. Sen. Doubt it not, I beſeech you Sir, —— I'll immediately give you Demonſtration. —— *Truſty* ——

Lit. I am ſatisfied, Sir —— and that I may not be outdone in Generoſity, I'll return the Mortgage to your Brother, —— provided I find hereafter that his wild Courſes are alter'd.

Man. Jun. No more of that, Sir, —— Ill Company —— much Wine, and little Thought made me act like the reſt of the World, but now Love and Virtue have taught me another Leſſon. ——

Lit. May it prove ſo, my Boy. —— Now Neighbour *Shortſight*, I have a crow to pluck with you, —— either reſolve to ſettle your Eſtate upon your Nephews —— (for you have no o-

ther

ther Heirs, —— or be expos'd to all the Town, and be a common Laughing-ſtock.

Short. I need no Threats, Mr. *Littlegood*, my Inclination leads me to it;—— when I Die, my Wealth ſhall be divided between 'em.——

Man. Jun. Then all's well,—— we're happy beyond Expectation, nothing remains but to reward *Truſty* and *Quickwit* for their Services—— And now, Father-in Law, if you approve of it—— we have an Entertainment ready, which may give the Company ſome Diverſion.——

Lit. Ay, ay, withal my Heart,—— Let us have it.

[*They ſit down.*

Enter a Man and a Woman.

HE. *Hark*, Cælia, *hear the gentle Boy,*
Love bids thee Save, and not Deſtroy.
He vows Revenge, if ſtill your Scorn
Denies what I Implore,
He ſwears you Laugh to ſee me Mourn,
Hatred it ſelf can do no more.

She. Damon, *No more, no more purſue me,*
Lay aſide thy ſubtle Art
That vainly labours to undo me,
And betray my eaſie Heart.
What kind Woman e'er believ'd,
That did not find her ſelf deceiv'd?
Or, when the Favour once was granted,
Shew me the Nymph that ne'er repented.

He.

He. *You'll never repent it.*

She. *I'll ever deny.*

He. *I prithee Love grant it.*

She. *No, no, no not I.*

Oh did you but know the Joy of Poſſeſſing,
Oh would you but try it!
You'd ne'er more deny it,
But wiſh to be ever repeating the bleſſing.
Come, come my Love.——

She. ——————*Never I Swear,*

He. *Kill me with Raptures, not Deſpair.*

After a Movement of Muſick.

He. *O Fly not,* Cælia, *when I Wooe thee,*
Leſt the Angry God undo thee.

She. *Oh I muſt Fly when e'er you Wooe me,*
Leſt the Wanton God undo me.

Scene Draws, and diſcovers *Cupid* and Attendants.

He. *Behold he comes with bended* Bow,
And Swears that you ſhall ſuffer too,
Juſt as you make poor Damon *do.*

Cup. *Haſte* Cælia, *haſte, Reward the Swain,*
Who long has Lov'd, but lov'd in vain.

Cup.

Cup. *Juſt ſo,* —— *juſt ſo.* ——

He. *O Fly not* Cælia *when I wooe thee,*
Leaſt the angry, &c.
She. *Oh I muſt Fly whene'er you wooe me,*
Leaſt the wanton, &c.
} Both pointing, and repeating.

Cup. *Ungrateful* Cælia, —— *Stubborn Fair,*
Here take thy Fate, --- *prepare,* --- *prepare,*
As a Return of thy Diſdain
To Love, and not be lov'd again.
(Offering to Shoot.

She. *Hold,* --. Cupid --- *hold, thy Frowns remove,*
Thou little, little Deity,
I own my ſelf thy Votary,
I yield —— *I yield* —— *I yield to Love;*
With equal VVarmth I meet the Swain,
And Mutual Bliſs prefer to Mutual Pain.
[Goes over to him.

Both. *Thus to Great Love we homage pay.*

Cup. *Thus all Living things my Power Obey,*
VVhether in Seas, on Earth, or in Air,
Love Governs Abſolute every where.

Chorus. *Thus to great Love we Homage pay,*
Thus all Living things His Power Obey,
VVhether, &c.
(*Exeunt* Singers.

Man. Sen.

Man. Sen. Well, Brother, you ſee Fortune has Befriended us at laſt, —— I doubt not but you'll reſolve with me, never to give theſe Ladies Occaſion to Repent their Generous Paſſions, —— We have ſufficient Obligations to 'em, and we ought to make it appear by our future Care and Conduct.

No Ties of Friendſhip e'er ſo laſting prove,
As thoſe Confirm'd by Gratitude and Love.

FINIS.